

CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST

"EVERY PLANT WHICH MY HEAVENLY FATHER HATH NOT PLANTED SHALL BE ROOTED UP."

VOLUME 2.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1855.

NUMBER 4.

Christian Spiritualist,
PUBLISHED BY
THE SOCIETY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF SPIRITUAL
KNOWLEDGE.
At No. 553 Broadway, New-York.
The Christian Spiritualist is published every Saturday
excepted. Two Dollars per year, payable in advance; five
copies for one dollar. Single Copies—Five Cents.
All communications and communications should be addressed
to the Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge,
at No. 553 Broadway, New-York.

For the Christian Spiritualist.
**THE SPIRITUALISM OF THE PAST
AGES.**
GENII, DEMONS, SPIRITS.
NO. II.

**CONCERNING MEN WHO HAVE THE VI-
SIONS OF GENII, DEMONS, OR SPIRITS.**

We continue the subject commenced in our last
issue, and follow our author in his order, using
still his words, where necessary, otherwise con-
densing his matter.

Men who have been said to have familiars, have
been accused of magic, Socrates especially. Of
his genius, testimony has been given by many of
the ancients, as Plato, Xenophon, Aristophanes,
his contemporaries, and these have been confirmed
by Plutarch, Cicero, and others, as also by the mo-
derns. Socrates says: "by some divine lot, I have
a certain Demon, who has followed me from my
childhood as an oracle, and this is a voice which
always dissuades me from the thing I am about to
do, but never prompts me to do any thing," and
relates how a person lost his life through not fol-
lowing its dictate, and this he considered the sign
of God. Some supposed he not only heard but
saw his guide, for it was a common thing with the
Pythagoreans to see Demons, and they wondered
if a man said he had not seen one. This was im-
puted to their silence, for Paracelsus says: "si-
lence is the sign of all Spirits."

Naudéus speaking of the Genii of Socrates,
Aristotle, Plotinus, Phosphorus, Jamblicus, Chi-
cus, Sadiger and Cardan, says: "these persons
may be said of having been led into the temple of
glory, and immortality by the assistance of some
genius or familiar demon, a discountenancer of
evil, an approver of good." The author does not
give this opinion as detracting from the merit
of these men, and argues, the Platonics, ac-
cording to Jamblicus and Fexius supposed "four
sorts of rational animals, under what they called
the first being, or the first good, the pure author
and mover of all things; the Celestial gods or an-
gels—Demons inferior to them, Heroes and the
souls of men—the office of the Demons being to
lead men to the gods," they serving as guides, and
because of the resemblance souls have been termed
"Demons." Apuleius saying "the mind of man
even whilst in the body is called a Demon;" and
Berardus, "that the Spirit of man served him for
a genius;" Plato, "that God has given us the su-
perior faculty of our Spirit as a Demon to guide
us; and he may rightly be called an Eudemon who
takes wisdom as a watch tower to guide him in
all the actions of his life, which might be an an-
swer to all that is said about the Demons of the
above persons. Considering the reputation of So-
crates, called as he was, "the great old man, the
reverend master, the mind vested with virile
strength, the old man of divine wisdom. It must
be supposed he had signalized himself by his wis-
dom. Apuleius calls his Demon a God; Tertu-
llian a devil. Various opinions were also given as
to the mode the genius manifested itself. Maxi-
mus Tyrius said it was "remorse of conscience
against the promptings of his natural temper."
Plutarch is charged with having said it was "by
speaking to the right side or to the left;" others
that it was "the stars which ruled his nativity."—
Montague was of opinion "that it was a certain im-
pulse of himself that presented itself to him without
the counsel of his discourse." The author is of opinion
that the Demon of Socrates was nothing more
than the wise rule of his conduct which guided
the acts of his life, in other words, that it was the
soul of the philosopher, purified from passion, and
enriched by virtue, which was the true Demon.

Maraviglia writes: Socrates was a teacher
of morals, ascribed all his good to his genius, hop-
ing to give a greater weight to his arguments; but
which was in truth, the inward voice speaking to
him, and those who heed its promptings have no
need of a separate genius. Van Dale in his book
of oracles denies the Demon of Socrates.

Le Loyer says: "those who examine the doc-
trine of the Egyptians find they are but Hebrew
priests, confounding them with the angels, though the
Genii are but Demons who gave them a voice by
which they advertised men." From the Egyptians
Plato took the genius of Socrates, invisible, dis-
cernible by the voice; "yet I take him but for a
devil who led Socrates to an unhappy death," and
concludes: "Socrates was a magician, because he
used divination."

Our author then discusses the foregoing obser-
vations and says: that these persons not having
had personal experience of such a thing, and not
being convinced that other persons have, despite
the testimony of men in all ages, they are thus
unwilling to yield the point. "I must here say,
I have hundreds of times seen, heard, and convers-

ed with those they call Genii, Angels, Spirits or
Demons, they appearing to me in human shapes." When
such persons meet in history or hears such
things related, they proceed in two ways, either
"being tender of the authority, or excoigate vari-
ous explanations of the fact," as fancy suggests,
"so they allow somewhat of the truth, and after a
way explain it." "Though the primary object of
good angels be to direct" men in things regarding
their eternal salvation, "yet why should they not
sometimes direct and inspire them in things relat-
ing to this life."

As to the observation of Maraviglia that Socrates
to gain authority &c., "it is poorly grounded, for
he no where imputed the doctrine he delivered to
the suggestion of his genius as Numa and others
did." "Xenophon and Plato, it appears to me,
may be looked upon as unexceptionable testimonies
in this matter, for if what they delivered as hear-
say is to be looked upon as suspicious, and re-
mote possibilities of fraud, and contrivance of such
men—all historical truth shall be eluded when it
consists not with a man's private humor and pre-
judice to admit it." "As to divine voices being heard,
it is no more than what all the ancient prophets
testified."

Joan Ruechlin writing of the Pythagorean Me-
tempsychosis says: "they signified nothing among
the truly learned but a similitude of notions and
studies which were formerly in some men, and
sprang up again in others." Euphorbius was re-
born in Pythagoras, "because the warlike valor
found in him" somehow reappeared in Pythagoras,
by reason of the love he bore to the athlete, and
so in respect to brute nature appearing in men—
the nature of the brutes had passed into them.—
Origen says: "nor will there ever be wanting ca-
lumnies to the uneducated, who have a malicious sen-
se even of the best men, since they make a sport of
the genius of Socrates as a thing feigned."

Van Dale in his treatise upon the origin of or-
acles, over-argues himself, charging the Gentiles with
imposture, he says: "they generally contrived the
seats of their oracles on mountains, where there
were some vaults and subterraneous caves, partly
made by nature, and partly by art, for carrying on
their cheats, and that none but kings, princes, and
great men, conscious of the cheat, were admitted to
them." Can it not be replied, "that a mountain
was made choice of by Moses to receive the law of
God, and that no man under pain of death was to
approach the mountain but himself and Aaron, and
the Jews kept their sanctum as private, and ad-
mitted none but the prince, the senate, or some
great person to consult the oracle of Unim and
Thummin, and the high priest only saw the sign of
God upon the breast plate dictating an answer?"
I am sorry to say I find too many arguments made
use of by some writers against the religion of the
Gentiles which fall indirectly on all religion.

As to Le Loyer's argument that Plato in respect
to the genius of Socrates took his notions from the
Egyptians, I think it also groundless, "since Py-
thagoras who lived before Socrates is averred to
have made his great proficiency in learning from
his converse with Spirits." As to Socrates being a
magician, this need not have been feigned, since
his Demon is said to have attended him from his
infancy. Piccolomini speaking of Aristotle having
allowed the existence of Demons, he says:—"Xenocrates affirms him to be an Eudemon who
has a studious mind, for this to each man is an Eudemon,
so we may say with Aristotle that the mind coming from without and governing man is
his Eudemon, so in his book of Divination by
Dreams. Dreams are not sent by God, but are demonical, because nature is demonical, not divine,
intimating that nature by a metaphor, because it
is God's messenger, is powerful and works secretly
and wonderfully," the same power which is ascribed
to Demons, "so when the name Demon is
given to a part of the mind leading us, we may
say with Aristotle, two Demons are born and live
with us, reason and sensual appetite,"—the former
"may be aptly enough defined an animal having
a reason and understanding superior to man, using a
subtle body, and mediating between God and man."
Aristotle, admitting "the facts to be ascribed to De-
mons," may "be said to have had a genius explained
by an intellectus agens coming from without, or
by an orderly influx from the intelligences that
move the heavens," and which is more consonant
to christianity than the hypothesis of Plato.

Rhodiginus writes: "Plato had the symbol of
the divine given him, Aristotle of the demonical,"
and this "because he treated of natural things,
the consideration of which lies in the subnary
world where it was thought Demons had their
abode. Plato raised himself higher; being addicted
to the contemplation of intelligent beings, got him
a more eminent guide of life. He thus strove
with all his force to bring that which is divine in
us to that divine being who is only truly so when
he got his name of divine."

As to the genius of Plotinus in the preface to his
works by Ficinus, he says: "An Egyptian priest
coming to Rome, and being soon made known by
a friend of his to Plotinus, and desiring to show
a specimen of his wisdom, invited Plotinus to go with
him, on a promise to show him his Demon or fami-
liar Spirit. The invocation of the Demon was
made in the temple of Isis, for this, Plotinus says,
was the sole place in Rome the Egyptian found
pure. When the Demon was called, instead of a
Demon, a God appeared, which was not of the
species of Demons. The Egyptian thereupon cried
out, you are happy, oh! Plotinus, who have a God
for your Demon, and have not light from a guide
of an inferior kind. At another time, Plotinus
being with Porphyrius, who was meditating sui-
cide, Plotinus said: "what you meditate Porphy-

rius, is not like that of a sound mind, but rather of
a mind grown mad with melancholy."

Naudéus speaking of his Spirit guide, speaks
also of others to which he gives distinguishing quali-
ties; "Cesar, Brutus, Cicero, and Cassius, had
evil though illustrious Spirits; Anthony's was glo-
rious but pernicious; that of Josephus was of rare
excellency for warlike valor, giving him a foresight
of future things." These, he says, "were De-
mons," but his, he believed "was a good and mer-
ciful Spirit; and although long persuaded he had one,
"yet not until after his 74th year, so many eminent
things were known to him, that he became certain
of its presence. He says: "I find something in
myself," which I cannot understand, "but the
thing is myself, though I do not perceive such
things proceed from me. It is present, but not
when I will have it. That which arises thence is
greater than my abilities, and was first discovered
in me in 1526. I perceive a thing from without
enter into my ear with a noise from that part di-
rectly where people are talking of me. If it tends
to good, in the right side, or if it comes from the
left, it penetrates to the right, and an orderly noise
is made. If the discourse be contentious, I hear a
wonderful contention. If it inclines to evil, in the
left side, it comes exactly from the part where
these tumultuous voices are. It enters both sides
of my head, and when the thing falls out ill, the
voice on the left side when it should end, grows
louder, and the voices are multiplied."

"If the things happens in the same town, the
voice is scarcely over, when a messenger comes to
call me to them. If in another city and a mes-
senger comes, on computing the time, the occur-
rence is found to have happened at the time I heard
the voices. This state continued until 1568."

In 1534, I saw in dreams, things about to hap-
pen, and this continued to 1567. In 1573, the vi-
sion was a splendor which was perfect. "It is
composed of an artificial practice and a circum-
fluent light which is very pleasant, and alone per-
forms more than the other two together, and does
not take a man from his studies, but makes him
ready at all things; is most excellent at composing
books, and seems as it were the utmost reach of our
nature, for it represents all things together that
make for the matter under consideration, and if it
be not a divine thing, certainly it is the most per-
fect of mortal works."

On an occasion when his son was beheaded, a
red mark, fifty-three days before, in the shape of
a flaming sword, appeared at the root of his ring
finger, which gradually reached the top; and, on
the execution, the mark disappeared. So also he
perceived a strange smell before a death occurred—
the person being present with him.

At the end of his work on Wisdom, he says,
speaking of Genii: "All men seem to be led by
some divine Spirit or Demon." Socrates had
warning of his death, the day before, in a dream.
Dion saw a spectre in his house. Caesar's door
was opened the day before he was slain. Brutus
was visited by his evil genius, who said they should
meet at Philippi. An august figure was seen in
Cassius' tent, like to Caesar. Seylla was foretold,
in a dream, of his imminent death. What was the
voice from the Mausoleum which called Nero?
What admonished Caligula of his death? Anthony
heard of the departure of Bacchus from Alexandria
the night before his death. What was that
mixed a sleeping potion for Adrian, the night be-
fore his death? Why, the Demon which was in
them, for human nature when highly exalted rises to
the force of a Demon.

These foresaw their deaths, but could not pre-
vent the violence of them.

Paul, aided by the divine Spirit, could see the
secrets of God. Stephen saw the Heavens open.
Philip was carried invisible through the desert, and
these died by the hands of others.

Scaliger, speaking of the Genii that attend men,
writes: "We read in the books of the Pythagoreans,
enriched by the Platonics, that we have two Genii
attending to us—a good and a bad one. By the
guidance of the good, good and elect persons join
themselves to God—from whom they have received
him as a mediator. By some, he is seen; by others,
heard; by some, neither seen nor heard; but so
introduces and presents himself, that, by his light,
he discovers an intelligence of secret things for men
to write, wherefore it often happens when that
celestial heat is over, that they either admire the
writings or disown them, and do not understand
some things in the way they were directed and dic-
tated."

"I never act upon meditation or writing, unless
invited by my genius, who speaks inwardly with
me, showing the spacious fields of the divinity in
the mind, which is abstracted and suspended
from the offices of the body to other functions. So
it would not appear that he spoke wholly at ran-
dom who thought Aristotle's intellectus agens was
the same with Plato's genius."

Henricus, in a manner, says the same thing of
himself as Scaliger: "Here are some things of
myself I am not able to aspire to, which, after the
heat has left my mind, I consider as a reader of
another man's works." "These things uninitiated
persons do not understand."

Scaliger, also, writes Jamblicus in his mysteries,
says: "He that being inspired, has a sort of ap-
pearance, a fire before his ingress, and the God,
either coming or parting, is seen. The Spirits who
apply themselves to our mind with darkness, bring
frivolous, wavering and doubtful things." S. B.

"Philosophers have seldom striven to show
God's connection with his Creation. Content with
showing what they could comprehend of effects—
their effect upon other effects—they have made
effect Cause, and forgotten the Cause of Causes."
Healing of the Nations.

For the Christian Spiritualist.
LEADINGS OF THE SPIRIT.
IN A SERIES OF LETTERS.
LETTER IV.
FURTHER EXPERIMENTS.
NEW YORK, Oct. 3, 1849.

DEAR LOUISE: I have received your note through
the hands of Mr. H—, and comply with the re-
quest it contains, without any delay. No doubt
you need the cough mixture, both on your own
especial account, and for those of your friends,
who you say are also in a suffering condition.
Now hear my advice; and, mind you, it is profes-
sional!

Take care of yourself. Take medicine. Eat
well; sleep well; keep your mind tranquil. Don't
be hysterical—(nervous, I mean.) I beg of you
to throw the icicles out of your breathing ap-
paratus, and afterwards blow up enough fire in the
interior of the whole creature, to save you from
another such a cough. Do all these things; be-
lieve in a good destiny; and then tell me, if you
can, why you should not be as well as any body
else around you? Meanwhile, I will see what can
be got up in my behalf, to cheer and enter-
tain you.

Would you believe it? I am really getting to be
a Psychological experimenter, if not practitioner.
One thing is very certain—a man should be care-
ful, especially in these days, what opinions he
makes light of; for, with the changes of another
day, it may fall out that he is ridiculing his own
doctrines—innocently making a cord to strangle
his philosophy of the Future, perhaps in its very
first breath. I shall be extremely careful after this,
what apparently unquestionable absurdities I ques-
tion, for the follies and falsehoods of to-day may
be the wisdom and truth of to-morrow. There is
certainly a great change going on in the very ele-
ments of all faith—all society. I feel that it is so,
more and more, every day. But I am reminded
by this, that I began to tell you of a little change
in myself. No; you will criticise me if I am not
exact—and so I will say a great change. Yes; I
am beginning to be a practical Psychologist. Is
that the word?

Last evening I made experiment of my positive
forces on a child of my friend, Mr. G—. The boy
is about twelve years of age, and has suffered all
his life with a disease of the brain. He becomes
at times greatly excited, and is almost crazy. In
such condition he was when I went there; and as
every thing else had been done for him, I suggest-
ed that we should try the effects of this new won-
der-working power. In a few minutes he became
quite tranquil. I had so far affected him as to
seal up his eyes in obedience to my will; and I
could partially fix his hands on his head. And
though when I began, I had no expectation of suc-
ceeding with him, the result of my experiment
was highly encouraging. I am a Mesmerist.

Now I think of it, let me say that I am taking
special care of my health, according to request;
and you know not how grateful I feel for your
kind solicitude. I know it is no idle affectation,
but a meaning fact, within which I comprehend
and anticipate blessings unspeakable. I am happy
to say, that during all of last week I was free from
head-ache; I escaped a whole se'nnight. The
fact was so wonderful, that I really began to think
something even more terrible must be the matter,
for the old malady had become almost constitu-
tional. Unfortunately, or perhaps to show me
that I am still mortal, I had a return of it on Sat-
urday, and it has continued till to-day, though now
I am free again.

October 5. Last evening I went to hear a cele-
brated lecturer on Psychology, a gentleman whom
I had once met in Baltimore. There was the usual
amount of tactics, such as desperate efforts at
jumping over canes and the like, when the opera-
tor suddenly electrified the audience, and intro-
duced a perfect panic on the stage, by converting
his cane into a big snake, which chased them
about, and almost frightened them out of their
senses. It was at once ludicrous, and pitiful to
witness.

There were many experiments, which went to
show the complete possession and control which a
good operator may obtain of his subjects conscious-
ness; or, in other words, the power of mind over
mind, and mind over matter. There were many
things came up, which are very interesting to a
philosopher—topics in which might be elaborated
the thoughts of life. But I am not going to
inflict any such penance upon you now, dearest,
as you may fear. No; but if I had you here, I
would have you try the Laughing Cure. Since
that cannot be, I will do the best I can to affect
you at this distance. Then let me take you
though but in retrospect, to the lecture of last
evening. Of these representations, which I have
in a former letter attempted to describe to you,
the most remarkable that I have seen, was the one
referred to. There was the usual amount of by-
play, and then came off truly a great scene.

Perhaps the comic is the most successfully deli-
neated in these scenes, or else we are more ready
to laugh than we are to cry, or to remain placidly
pleased. It is impossible to give much idea of
these things, for on paper the answer is inevitably
lost; but I will try to set forth a few points.

As the lecturer called upon the audience to
come forward, any who chose, and scan his pro-
ceedings, a young gentleman, who certainly ap-
pears to be a very large swell, presented himself,
saying, with rather less elegance than his broad-
cloth seemed to indicate, that they couldn't tuck
it on to him. Accepting this polite challenge, the
Professor quietly led him to a seat, and placed in

his hand one of the coins—a five cent piece, set in
some kind of metal, zinc, I believe. He took it, as
if he thought that the idea of his being affected
was almost too rich. He was so infinitely amused
that he shook, and I really expected he would roar
outright. Poor, unfortunate youth! little did he
know what he was bringing upon himself, as he
sat there unconsciously, letting in the enemy by
the widows, which we had refused admittance by
the doors. He proved, in fact, to be a very re-
markable subject; and then the Professor had his
revenge, and insulted Psychology was vindicated
with a vengeance.

I could not begin to tell you half of the ridicu-
lous things he was made to do, see, and believe.
At one time he was told that his mother had come
from a great distance in the country; she was
waiting for him at the United States Hotel, and he
must go and fetch her. He was also made to be-
lieve that it was exceedingly cold and stormy,
though the night was quite warm and clear. He
buttoned his coat with a great deal of care, turned
up the collar, and, in a fit of shivering, drew his
head almost into it, like a turtle. Thus equipped,
he marched off with an air of the most serious ear-
nest. But when he got near the end of the stage,
he was suddenly aware that he had got there, and
that his mother had come out to meet him. She
was standing on the steps of the hotel. As soon as
he saw her, he ran towards her, clasped her in his
arms, and kissed her repeatedly, every salute being
audible over the whole house. You perceive that
this was chiefly understood through his action,
though the Professor occasionally put in a few
suggestive words, or controlled his action by
speech as well as thought.

"You will, of course, bring your mother home to
your boarding-house," said he. Upon this our
hero very respectfully offered his arm to the void
space which he had embraced so fervently, and
which he imagined to be filled by the venerated
form of his maternal relation. He escorted her
with great solemnity. But in spite of his care, she
fell down. He lifted her up with great apparent
effort, as if she had been much hurt and nearly
helpless. He brushed the dust from her dress,
and inquired after her bruises with the utmost
concern. Finally, she was safe on her feet again;
and he having become persuaded that things were
not so bad as they might have been, proceeded on
his way, now supporting his unfortunate parent,
by passing an arm respectfully round her waist.
In this way he conducted her to the middle front
of the stage, and there released her.

"She is timid," said the Professor; "Why do
you not offer her a seat?"

"There is no seat," he said, although there
were chairs and benches all round. He had been
willed not to see them.

"Let her sit on her trunk, then. O, by-the-by,
her luggage must be brought up; it won't do to
leave it there in the hall. Can't you find a
waiter?"

Subject looks round anxiously; no waiter to be
found.

"Then you must bring it yourself."

Accordingly, he next believes himself going
down stairs, making a most ludicrous figure with
the motion of stepping down, and at the same
time bringing up with every step against the level
floor. The trunk is an extremely heavy one. He
tugs at it several times before he can start it from
the floor. Finally, with many writhings, and strug-
gles, and groans, he at length gets the trunk up-
stairs—now stepping up instead of down, and
coming down at each step with a force that almost
sent him over headlong. The sincerity of the per-
former made it the most irresistibly comic thing
that you could conceive of. (You understand he
had not left the stage at all, though he imagined
he had been down stairs.) And when the audi-
ence saw him, bringing in nothing, with such a
tremendous strain, they burst into a roar, which
seemed to me the most genuine and hearty I had
in my life ever heard. But, he not perceiving it
at all, set down his trunk, puffing and blowing as
if greatly relieved.

"There," said the Professor, "see your mother
is glad enough to sit down," and at the same in-
stant the young gentleman took his seat in the
void where he supposed he had set his trunk; and
there he was fixed, sitting upon nothing but air,
with as much ease and composure as if he had re-
clined on the most luxurious divan. Then he fell
to a rehearsal of his wants, such as young men
are apt to confide in the care of good mothers, and not
to the public. Stockings undarned; handkerchiefs
unhemmed; coats out at elbows, and pantaloons
laboring under various disturbances, followed each
other in rapid succession, with the most perfect
good faith, while the audience alternately listened
and roared, without in the least disturbing the sin-
cerity of his confidence.

At length he began to take two parts in the
drama, the character of the mother being repre-
sented by a small but exceedingly sharp voice, a
little mouth, pursed up with a great deal of dig-
nity, and a general change of the whole physiog-
nomy. The transitions from one character to the
other were instantaneous and complete—I thought
that Valentine had really found a rival. His extra-
vagance, thoughtlessness, and carelessness were
laid over the coals without mercy. At first he
seemed so astonished at the charges, and he was
in such an affectionate mood altogether—so over-
joyed to meet his dear mother thus unexpectedly,
that he was completely "shut up." But after a
few moments he rallied, and made a very respect-
able defence. In this way, he alternately scolded
and berated himself on one side, and defended
himself on the other, for several minutes. The

whole scene was inconceivable. The sensation be-
came so intense that no ordinary sound of mirth or
pen could express it; and occasionally groans and
deep struggling cries were heard among the audi-
ence. It was actually distressing. You will re-
member that he had been all this time reclining
upon nothing, and gesticulating and speaking with
great vivacity.

We could not have held out much longer, for it
had really got to be intolerable, when the spell
was broken in a most remarkable manner by the
Professor calling out—"You crowd rather hard
upon the old lady! Move along a little, and give
her more room!"

He started suddenly, and attempted to obey,
but at the same instant came to the ground appar-
ently in one solid lump, as if his whole system
had been charged with lead. Imagine his dismay,
if you can, when restored in a moment to full con-
sciousness, sprawling upon a high stage, brilliantly
lighted, and exposed to the full gaze of innumera-
ble rays. There were now and then some pithy
and pointed remarks from individuals who were
completely carried away with the wonderful vivi-
city and truthfulness of the whole scene. But to do
the audience justice, they seemed to pity the crest-
fallen hero; for although convulsed with a terrible
sense of the ridiculous, they were struggling to
control their mirth. Several young men surround-
ed and sheltered the unfortunate representative of
Common Sense, while he, (pardon the vulgarism,
it is so very appropriate,) "slumped." And if he has
only a tolerable degree of penetration, he has prob-
ably by this time discovered that there really is
something in it.

I am delighted to learn that you expect to be
here the early part of next week, provided the
weather is good. This is a judicious proviso. Let
us continue to have good weather, if we can, and
especially while you are here. What can be more
delightful than those pleasant days, when every
thing seems to be tempering itself, and Nature is
preparing for her change. It produces in me a
kind of dreamy state. I could sit all day long, lost
in abstraction or reverie, and look on the blue sky,
the mild sunshine, and the variegated shrubs and
trees. Every object around me seems tranquil,
and invites to a like repose. My Spirit folds up
herself within herself, and seeks for rest, after the
feverish struggles and strifes, the pains and ag-
onies which it has passed through during the last
annual round of time.

I am getting poetical, on my word, and that is
not my forte. Ever thine, T. L. D.

*Do you smile because I speak of my Spirit, when I don't
believe—or didn't believe I have any? Psychology has made
me suspect that there is something in man, beyond and above
the dying body; and for convenience sake, I christen it in the
old name. Hope on, Darling! for I may believe, even yet!

SLEEP WALKING.

It is curious to remark how a drama may travel
unappropriated over the world, before it ultimately
assumes the form of a play. The plot of *La Son-
nambula* affords a remarkable proof of this.
The occurrence upon which it is founded took place
early in the present century, in Scotland, and was
related many years ago, during a promiscuous af-
ter-dinner conversation, by the Etic Shepherd.
"The lassie," said Mr. Hogg, "whose nocturnal
propensity to ramble had brought her into a serious
scrape, was the daughter of a Scotch bailie who
carried on a considerable traffic with a mercantile
house in the West of England, through the me-
dium of a traveling clerk, with whom he was pe-
riodically accustomed to settle his accounts. The
day of reckoning came, and with it the bagman,
and the settlement was so satisfactory to the bailie
that he insisted on the bagman's staying all night,
as the weather threatened. To accommodate the
guest, the young daughter, a girl of eighteen, was
sent to sleep in a small chamber which was seldom
occupied, and her room was given to the young
clerk. Some time after the family had retired to
rest, he was sitting in a loose wrapper, again in-
specting his accounts and assuring himself of their
correctness, when the bed room door was opened
and the girl walked in; and going up to the table
at which he was seated, put her candlestick down,
placed the extinguisher upon the light, and got in-
to bed. The astonishment of the bagman was on-
ly quelled by observing that the fair intruder was
fast asleep, and with a sense of honor and gentle-
manly feeling which reflected the highest credit up-
on him, he instantly retired, made his way into the
parlor, where he slept on a settee till morning,
leaving his chamber in the occupation of his host's
daughter. Fortunately the first person he saw the
next morning was the bailie himself, and he he
explained the cause of his appearance by relating
the facts; at the same time, from a sense of deli-
cacy towards the young woman, he desired to be
allowed to depart without recalling to her mind by
his presence the awkward situation in which she
had been placed. The bailie would not suffer it;
and not only insisted on his remaining to breakfast,
but that Jeannie should make her appearance also.
The clerk, looking first at the young woman, and
then at the bailie, who, though taken by surprise,
played his part in this little drama with true poetic
justice, for the marriage took place within a fort-
night of that day.—Portland Transcript.

OPPOSITIONAL PHASES.

An individual, who evidently glories in the name of Timothy Snobbs, writes the editor of the *Seneca Herald* an *expose* of Spiritualism. He is a very modest man, this Timothy, and no doubt means to be logical as well as philosophical—after stating his modest (?) conclusion about *Spiritualism*, in its modern form, he thus logically backs it up in the following manner:—

In the first place I do not think there is any such thing as Spirits, visiting this earth to hold converse with men for the reason—if they are now happier than here, they would not again desire to visit this scene of sorrow, and if they are suffering punishment for the shortcomings while on earth, they would not be permitted to escape from their punishment.

As Mr. Snobbs has "had considerable experience as a Medium," we wish to be both cautious and respectable in venturing an opposite opinion, for he evidently feels himself to be, and speaks "as one having authority." Now it is generally acknowledged to be good sense, as well as Testament teaching, to affirm that "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaks," since the ruling and prominent *tones*, not only give character to, but make the man. When, therefore, Mr. S. reasons, "if they are *not* happier than when here, they would not again desire to visit the scenes of sorrow," we are bound to believe that to be the soul of Mr. S., that informs us what he would do under like circumstances.

And the statement to us is decidedly *snobbish*, since it breathes the spirit of selfishness, indifference and inactivity in the superlative degree. It is plain, however, that he is oblivious of the teachings of the Testament regarding the "loves of the Angels," for, we are there informed, that God "giveth his angels charge concerning thee (Christ) lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone." Matt. iv. 3-6. It may be Mr. S.'s *affinities*, for the external world has caused him to be forgetful of the divine and loving sympathy of "men made perfect"—but it is difficult to conceive how he could forget the suggestiveness of the "rich man's appeal," who, being in torment, lifted up his eyes, and supplicated Father Abraham, that a messenger be sent to his father's house to warn his brethren, "lest they come into this place of torment." Luke xvi. 28.

The poverty of Mr. Snobbs's soul, as well as the stupidity of his theology, does not warrant a more extended notice of either his philosophic (?) or mesmeristic reasons for pronouncing Spiritualism a "humbug"—and so we leave him to enjoy the consolations of his faith unmolested.

We would suggest, however, that he makes use of the first favorable opportunity to read the Bible, as it may tend to refresh his memory, and give a more respectful tone to his future communications.

A harmless fraction of an individual, in the *New York Daily News* of May 25th, favors Spiritualism with a notice, and *nostalgia* (?) commences by naming it a "humbug." As a general thing, when a man is so poor, both in soul and in reputation, as not to own a name, or be so far destitute of spirit as to attack conclusions, without personality, fact, or argument, it were best to let such a one alone, since, morally, he is *unworthy* of recognition. There are, however, in this article, two assumptions, to which we invite the reader's attention—as all objections should be known, let them come from what source soever they may.

The first is as follows:—

The infestation is fast taking hold of very many who are of an excitable and nervous temperament. The late, the hearty, the strong-minded, the non-offensive are passed by uninfected, and remain with their reason unimpaired, and their faculties mental and physical, moving regularly and well.

The only thing that saves the writer of this from the charge of deliberate *filibuster*, is the charitable supposition that it was conceived in ignorance—for in New York city alone, there are men *Mediums* that will stand a fair comparison with the majority of their fellows, let them come from what department of society they may.

Reasoning from our limited knowledge, as to the sex and physical development of Mediums, we are free to say that all phases of character seem to be impressed and influenced by Spirits.

Any one doubting this statement, will find the necessary proof, by visiting the *Circle* for the development of Mediums, held at No. 555 Broadway, on Thursday evening of each week. Were it an object, the names of several Mediums might be given—but it is not. There are those already before the public, whose efforts in healing, writing and speaking, furnish all necessary proof.

The second assumption is summed up as follows:—

I would venture to say that if the ghost of Horace himself, were called to throw some light upon the *ode* in question, that he would be a long time before he would respond unless the medium were a good Latin scholar—in this event he would be on the table in less than no time.

This remark is predicated on the supposition, that if there is no "linguist" in the *Circle*, there will be no communications except they are in English. This seems to be a revamping of Dr. Bell's conclusion, which the reader will find in another place. It seems singular that any thoughtful mind can be so reckless of assertion, in sight of the fact, that communications have been, and are received in different languages, of which the Medium and the company are alike ignorant. This is one of the best attested points in the history of the modern manifestations. The following fact stated by Joel Tiffany, Esq., in his recent debate with President Mahan, at Cleveland, Ohio, will prove this:—

There was a colored girl in St. Louis who had never learned to read or write, and who became a medium of a very peculiar kind, writing in different languages, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, &c., and yet knew not a letter of any nation in English. She would find a communication in some kind of language which, no one in the circle understood, but after the circle broke up, she wrote a communication in English, saying that if it would do her a certain tobacco store, she would find a letter in a pocket. They went in the morning and found an individual who stated that it was a message from his sister in Spain, who had died crossing the Atlantic on her way to this country, and that he knew her handwriting.

Will the objector investigate this statement, and convict Mr. Tiffany of bearing "false witness," or will he acknowledge his ignorance of the *facts*, and his presumption in judging the philosophy of Spiritualism? We will "wait and see."

"A Second Daniel" has presented his judgment through the columns of the *Belvidere* (Ill.) Standard, of May 22d, with the desire of illuminating the darkness of the Northern minds on the subject of Spiritualism. He comes to the work in hand, with some candor, judging from the following:—

To contend that Spiritualism, or any other such wide spread sin is all "humbug," would be like contending that all dollops are because we had tried one or two and found them worthless. "Phoozy" of the "Phoozy" at the idea of bringing about certain scientific and artistic results; but the actual existence of the steamboat, the telegraph, &c., has successfully demonstrated that the opinion of those who can be outwitted and overcome by the indefatigable research and labor of a few men of genius.

But strange as it may seem—before he gets half through his article, the believers and Mediums are all fools, dupes or knaves. This is made to appear from the statements that tables are caused to move and rise from the floor by means of some steel springs or other machinery in the legs of the articles used by the Mediums. It may be the writer is unused to long excursions in mentality, and forgot Spiritualism in his stronger love for the mechanic art, for he certainly evinces a larger aptitude for, and a better acquaintance with the latter, than the former. The most conspicuous features of the *three* cases we have thus examined, are vanity and ignorance. Vanity in giving themselves so much credit for sense, candor, and honesty, and awarding so little to others. Ignorance, in presuming to do what they were not qualified to perform—since they neglect fact for hypothesis, philosophy for fancy, and give no evidence for their conclusions, but the most reckless and extravagant assumptions. Verily, "wisdom is approved of her children."

MR. S. B. BRITTAN'S LECTURE AND EXHIBITION.

According to notice, the above-named gentleman delivered a lecture on the "General Phases of Spiritualism," at the Stuyvesant Institute, Thursday evening, May 24.

The weather, in the early part of the evening, seemed unfavorable to the occasion, but before the hour for lecturing arrived, the Institute was crowded. Appropriate music was sung at the opening and close of the lecture, which contributed in no small degree, to the cheerful and social spirit of the evening.

Mr. Brittan's lecture was a detailed elaboration of principles, held in general esteem, by the philosophic and authoritative in the schools of Science and Natural Theology. The position of Dr. Paley, as to the watch proving a *designer* (since means were adopted to ends) might be called the *test* of the lecture. The general argument was conclusive, and we think convinced most of the audience, that, if Dr. Paley was philosophic in predicating the existence of God, on the laws of adaptation, as seen in the human body, and nature generally,—the argument held equally good in Spiritualism, since the facts stated, and the drawings exhibited, were equally significant of intelligence in a finite degree.

Mr. Brittan, is a calm, methodical reasoner, generally faithful to fact and premise—while seeking the good of the cause he advocates. The lecture was listened to with marked attention, and evident satisfaction. The exhibition of the spirit drawings contributed much towards the enjoyment of the evening, for whether they are considered as spiritual or psychological productions, they are equally curious. Darkness being necessary, the gas was turned off, that the drawings might be thrown on a screen, through the medium of an oxyhydrogen microscope, during the exhibition of which, a moderate light was reflected over the audience. The exhibition was generally free from interruptions, although some of the *baser* sort, took advantage of the darkness, and tried to be witty at the expense of the Spirits.

SPIRITUALISM IN ALBION, CALHOUN COUNTY, MICH.

Friend Elmer Woodruff, writes from the above place, that "the cause is moving onward finely, in this place of churches and creeds. During the last eight months, our ranks have been swelled from a dozen to four or five hundreds. We have regular speaking through Mrs. Sprague, three times each week. The hall is crowded, and our numbers fast increasing—while most kinds of mediums are being developed. During the past three years I have given away six hundred Spiritual papers in this place, which has proved like the bread cast upon the waters—for indeed it has returned after many days!" This is cheering news, and will be welcome to the friends of progress.

Friend Woodruff—Your manuscript is with us, and your request will be attended to at an early opportunity.

PROF. HARE'S LETTER TO THE CLERGY OF THE EPISCOPAL CONVENTION.

The above production will be found in another column, and should be read with attention, as it not only reveals the mellowing and chastening influence of Spiritualism, but gives the reader an opportunity of comparing the charitable and candid sentiments of the writer, with much he may have heard from the pulpit, and seen in "the papers" against the ministrations of Spirits. Surely, if Spiritualism tends thus to make men tolerant and charitable, its popularization is desirable, since it is generally confessed, that neither chaste nor tolerance enter extensively into the policy or practice of most of our church organizations and governments. The significant lesson of this letter, however, is in the fact, that a gentleman of Prof. Hare's education and standing, could pass through a long and laborious life, without faith in a Spiritual existence, since it rather pointed tells the Churchman that his method is defective and his argument ineffectual for the conversion of those who cannot feel the Divinity of Jesus through eighteen centuries, nor believe in the infallibility of the Bible. When will the churchman acknowledge that there may be such men, *honest* seekers after truth, that would be happy to believe, if they had the necessary evidence, and rejoice that in the fullness of time, the economy of God has given such evidence to meet the necessities of the case? When? When the churchman, like the skeptic, is made to feel, that our ways are not God's ways, and ALL things work together for the education and progress of the race.

GONE TO HIS SPIRIT HOME.

Edward L. Sweet, aged 10 years, son of Gilbert and Elizabeth Sweet, of this city, died at the residence of his parents, on Monday morning, May 28. The sudden and unexpected death of this child has, for the hour, cast the shadow of gloom over the family circle, so dearly was he loved by his parents and friends. But "Joy cometh with the morrow," for they know that death, like all the other agents of the Divine economy, comes only for good. True, they may not see the full meaning of the lesson its mission was designed to teach; but the consolations of religion, which are the compensational blessings a kind and loving Father sends to sorrowing humanity, has long since commenced the chastening work of reconciliation to the Providence of God. Their faith has been quickened and intensified by the ministrations of angels, and through the mediation of loving and loved spirits; so that, indeed and in truth, they can say with Paul—"O! death, where is thy sting? O! grave, where is thy victory?"

The funeral was numerous attended by the Spiritualists of this city—Judge Edmonds being the Minister of Consolation on the occasion.

The remains of Edward Sweet now "sleep their last sleep" in Greenwood Cemetery.

DR. LUTHER V. BELL'S REPORT ON "SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS."

Some months ago, we were informed that the above named gentleman was investigating Spiritualism, and was like soon to come out in favor of the manifestations and Spirit intercourse, as the most marvelous things had been done in his presence. We have been looking, therefore, with some anxiety for the promised report, as we were in hopes that Dr. Bell would give us such statistics on the increase of insanity, and point out how far, and in what way, Spiritualism had to do with its development, if insanity was found to be on the increase. It would seem, from a report in the *New York Herald*, of May 26, that the Superintendent of the Insane Asylums in and about Boston, have had their yearly meeting; and although the usual amount of talking was done on the occasion, nothing touching the vexed issue of Spiritualism and insanity has been brought to light as yet. What the practical fruits of that meeting will be, we may not be permitted to know; but we are free to confess, that a little information on the increase of insanity during the past two or three years, and the predisposing and actual causes of such developments—if such there are—would be very desirable to many, who are tired of hearing the empty-headed and superficial objector associate Spiritualism and Insanity, as if the latter was unknown among men until the former came.

It may be, however, that when we get the full report of the meeting, that this information will come; for it seems Dr. Bell read "an elaborate" paper on Spirit manifestations and its influences. Of this paper, the *Herald* gives us the following summary:—

Dr. Luther V. Bell read an elaborate paper on Spiritual manifestations and its influence. After stating various experiences, he summed up his present conviction, as follows:—
1. That there is abundant evidence that a novel influence or power exists through certain persons, known as mediums, by which extraordinary results follow.
2. That objects of considerable weight are moved without human contact, though at considerable distance—in the experience of the narrator, up to fifty feet at least.
3. That the objects of the influence are not correct, involving too many circumstances to be explained on the idea of coincidence, provided the true response is in the mind of the questioner of some one at the circle.
4. In no instance, in his experience, were correct replies given where the response was unknown to some one present.
5. That the objects of the influence are not correct, are given, as he believes them, true, even when afterwards they are proved to be erroneous. He gets the responses as he supposes them to be at the circle.
6. There is no evidence of any Spirit existing in these extraordinary phenomena, nor have they any connection with a finite state of being, so that his observations warrant an opinion.
7. The explanation must be admitted to be beyond our knowledge, certain analogies existing between states of dreaming, certain changes in manner, &c., would seem to point to the duality of the brain as connected with some of these phenomena.
8. The subject is worthy of the most diligent investigation of all those whose duties are connected with our specialty. Whether regarded as a physical novelty or a wide-spread epidemic of the age, it is a subject of the highest importance, and deserves a much more respectful treatment than it has generally met with. A majority of the gentlemen who took part in the discussion of the second question concurred in the views expressed by Dr. Bell. No specific action was had.

It seems from this that Dr. Bell admits the phenomena, in the fullest sense, but does not come to any conclusion as to the cause of its development. This may be both prudent and philosophical; for no man should seek a conclusion before *facts* lead the way. We shall not make issue with the Doctor, therefore, because he does not see, eye to eye with us, but rather rejoice that he has got so far. The concessions in the above must silence for ever many of the would-be philosophers of the age, since the gentleman who gives testimony in the case must be accepted as a reliable witness, both from his position and culture, as well as for the limitations he gives to his evidence. It is to be hoped, therefore, the learned Doctor will take the subject more to heart, and show us how he learned the Spirits have no "existence in these extraordinary phenomena"—for great will be his reward in this and future ages. Should the report be published, we will return to the subject, as we should like our readers to know what *was* said, and why it was said.

Rev. T. C. Benning will lecture at Verplanck Point next Sunday, June 3rd, and on the Sunday following, Mr. J. B. Conklin will lecture at the same place.

B. P. Randolph desires those who may have any papers or letter to send him, during his stay in Europe, to direct such to the care of Dr. Hayden, Cox's Hotel, Jernyn street, London, or Paris, France.

J. H. W. Toobey will lecture in Troy, N. Y., next Sunday, June 3rd.

THE GOOD OF SPIRITUALISM.

We publish the following letter, as it outlines one of the many ways Spiritualism is working for those who most need, and, consequently, know best how to appreciate its blessings and its virtues. Doubtless there are thousands who could tell a like experience, who, during the past year, have had their faith in God, man, religion, and Providence increased through the mediation of the Spirits. It is consoling to know that such is the fruit of Spiritualism, that we may feel, that daily and hourly, it is appealing to "the light within," in favor of the Brotherhood of the race and the harmony of God's government.

Let men harmonize on these two great Spiritual principles, and the Kingdom of Heaven will be indeed "at hand." And should Spiritualism, ultimate as a "new truth," its mission will be consecrated and made sacred by the millions, that will yet be emancipated from Spiritual death, through its teachings and culture:—

NICHOLASVILLE, Ky., May 18, 1855.

EDITOR CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST: I know that my subscription to your paper has expired, and I have been intending for some time to renew it, but have put it off from time to time. I now enclose \$2 for the current volume—I don't think I can well do without the paper, or some other of a like character. It has formed a part of my weekly food for the last year, and of a very digestible nature for the most part. I am much pleased with the spirit and tone of your editorials generally. There is a forbearing and christian feeling manifested in them that is worthy all praise, and as becomes a true philosopher.

The question has often been asked and answered, "of what use is Spiritualism?" In addition to many other reasons that might be given, I can answer in one particular, so far as I am myself concerned, that it has been the means of rescuing me from a far advanced and apparently hopeless degree of skepticism. It has enabled me to renew my confidence in, and better to comprehend the Bible, The sectarian divisions and antagonisms, and what appeared to me to be the innumerable doctrines, as taught by some of them, had well nigh destroyed my faith in the common sense as well as honesty of those who wrote and those who continue to believe in the Bible. Every man requires his own amount of evidence to produce conviction. I had lost confidence in the Bible because I failed to believe the witnesses of a remote period. I attributed it to magic, superstition, sleight of hand, trick. Spiritualism explains the Bible to a very considerable extent, as well as many other matters that were to me inexplicable before. I believe Spiritualism upon the evidence of living witnesses, not from having witnessed any of the phenomena myself—Doubtless, to witness the facts themselves would still more confirm my faith, and increase that consolation which a belief in the manifestations affords me. It has been a great benefit to me. I have more confidence in God, in his government, more confidence and hope in man, than I ever had. I can look upon the operations of Nature and Providence with more faith in their justice and adaptiveness to the wants of man; and upon the errors and sins of man with more charity and allowance than I ever could under any other system of belief. In a word, it seems to be the philosophy that is best adapted to my mind and feelings, and I can only hope that it may prove ultimately true, and that it may ultimately triumph over all opposition.

Yours for progress, H. F.

SPIRITUAL ORGANS.—It is cheering to know that there are editors friendly enough to progress and general reform, to see good in the agents, organs, and instrumentalities of Spiritualism,—since the majority of the editorial press, pass all these, except they can find occasion to make them obnoxious to popular sense. The *Waltham County Reporter*, of May 19th, in noticing the second volume of the *Christian Spiritualist*, thus speaks of its character, and the mission of the Spiritual papers of this city:—

"It is an earnest advocate of 'a living inspiration,'—nearly printed and always full of choice original communications. If those who are so willing to condemn what they know nothing about, (and yet nearly all profess) would look over the columns of the *Christian Spiritualist* and *Traveller* they would learn the moral effect of a movement that is destined to overturn the world and which they now tremble at, because of their utter ignorance of the whole thing."

"SPIRIT COMMUNION."

A note from Br. J. B. Ferguson informs us, that the above named book, originally published at \$1 25, will be sent to any address, postage paid, on the receipt of one dollar. The reason for this reduction of price is in the fact, that the editor (Br. Ferguson) and the publishers wish the book in the hands of those who may need its facts and philosophy. These gentlemen have, however, been already liberal, as over 1000 copies have been gratuitously distributed. It is a good sized volume of 272 pages, printed well, good paper, and clear type. The work should form a part of every Spiritualist's library.

From Fitzgerald's City Item.

PROF. HARE'S LETTER.

We present below, a communication of singular interest, from Dr. Robert Hare, of Philadelphia. Coming from a source so eminent and respectable, it will, no doubt, create a profound sensation:—

To the Clergy of the Episcopal Convention.

Reverend and Dear Sirs—Having from my youth been on friendly terms with the Clergy of the Episcopal Church, within the pale of which I was born and christened; having, in fact, had among the Clergy of that Church some excellent friends and relatives, it has been a source of regret that I have not been able to see doctrines deeply affecting the happiness of mankind, in the same light. I am, however, fully sensible of the kindness and courtesy with which I have been treated by clergymen in general, and especially by those of the Church above designated. I have always been under the belief that in no part of the globe, nor at any period of human history, has a priesthood existed as moral, as sincere, and truly pious as those of my country, and among that priesthood, I believe, none have stood higher in these qualifications than such as are of the Episcopal Church.

It is happy for me that of late I have in one respect, found myself more in accordance with the Christian Church; I allude here to the awakening of perfect confidence in the immortality of the soul. There was on this subject heretofore, this difference between my sentiments and those of my clerical friends, that while I hoped for a future state, I was no less skeptical respecting the evidence of witnesses who lived some thousand years ago, than of those who have in modern times alleged themselves to have witnessed supernatural manifestations. I required in the former case, no less than in the latter, intuitive proof; or the consistent testimony of independent observers, having sufficient sense, knowledge and integrity to make reliable witnesses. Happily in the case of Spiritualism, both of these tests have been afforded to me; so that I now believe now in a future state no less firmly than the orthodox christian.

Like St. Paul in the case of christianity, I entered upon the investigation of Spiritualism, with a view to refutation; but the very instruments I contrived to accomplish that object produced the opposite effect.

If human testimony is not to be taken when advanced by contemporaries known to be conscientious, truthful and well informed, how is it to be relied on, with respect to those of whom we know nothing available, besides what their own writings mention.

I am prepared to submit a communication respecting the spirit world from my father, sanctioned by a convocation of spirits, whose approbation was manifested by means which no mortal could pervert.

The practical influence on my mind has been to make me far more happy, to remove all fear of death, and to render me far more watchful as to my deportment in life. I know that my sainted parents, and other relatives and friends, my children who died in infancy, are around me, witnessing every act and exercising a limited power over my safety and my health.

Mourning for the dead now seems to be groundless, and at all events can be indulged only upon sanction by contemporaries known to be conscientious, truthful and well informed, how is it to be relied on, with respect to those of whom we know nothing available, besides what their own writings mention.

No evidence of any important truth in science can be shown to be more unexceptional than that which I have received of this glorious fact, that Heaven is really "at hand," and that our relatives and acquaintances who are worthy of happiness, are still progressing to higher felicity, and while hovering aloft and in our midst, are taking an interest in our welfare with an augmented zeal or affection, so that by these means they may be a solace to us in despite of Death.

As the Rev. Clergy of the Episcopal Church are about to meet in Philadelphia, I deem it my duty to afford them an opportunity of hearing the evidence on which I rely; and which with due effort they can have subject to their own intuition.

Should the clergy deem it expedient to listen to my exposition, I shall be ready to answer any queries which may be made.

I am aware that there may be considerations which may justify the clergy in declining to hear me. I have never in my own case deemed it wise to seek abstract rights at the expense of practical evil. I would not urge persons in certain official stations to become converts to spiritualism, lest it should by consequent unpopularity interfere with their usefulness, as in the case of Judge Edmonds, and a like objection must arise to the conversion of clergymen, so far as to bring their conditions in competition with their professional vocation. Orthodox christians are generally educated to believe not only the revelation on which they rely, is true, but that no other can be justifiable. Hence they are evidently displeased that spiritualists should allege themselves to have come by other means to that belief in immortality which is admitted on all sides to be the greatest comfort under the afflictions to which temporal life is liable.

There is, moreover, this discordancy in doctrine. Agreeably to scripture, man is placed here for probation, and is liable to be eternally punished if he prove delinquent. According to Spiritualism, man is placed here for progression, and when he has reached the next world, still he is to be put to the test. He is, however, wickered he may be when he next returns.

It is conceived by Spiritualists that if, as the orthodox allege, God be omnipotent, he can make his creatures to suit his will; if he be omniscient, he must know what they are when made; and if he be prescient he can foresee what they will be, and consequently cannot have the smallest conceivable motive for exposing them to probation.

I foresee that it may not be deemed expedient to take any notice of this letter; but whatever may be the result in this way, I will not interfere with the property of any putting it in your power to avail yourselves of my offer; since I have a sanction from a higher source, the spirit of the immortal Washington, the proofs of whose communion with me, I am prepared to submit to any respectable inquirers.

I am aware that this language would, a few years ago, have made me attach the idea of insanity to the author; but this cannot, nevertheless, in the slightest degree be deducible from it now, from the notorious fact that the same monomania is never entertained by any two persons, and in my *hallucination*, if it be such, there is a multitude of participants. That is to say, there are a multitude of

persons of every grade, who believe that they have communicated with their Spirit friends, and I with mine, and who, like me, have believed themselves to have held communion with the Spirit of some of the most distinguished men who have departed this life. A faith in the miracles of the New Testament may as well be adduced as insanity, as belief in spiritual manifestations under these circumstances.

The fact that manifestations have been made and truthfully described, has been admitted by the Catholic Church, but are ascribed to Satanic Agency.

Let the doctrines of Spiritualism and those of the Church in question be compared in order to determine which owes most to Satan.

The existence of a Devil being admitted, was there ever a more fertile source of diabolical intolerance, than the idea that a peculiar belief being necessary to save men's souls from hell fire, any temporal evil to which mortals might be subjected to coerce belief, would be as justifiable as the forcible extirpation of an incipient cancer from the body of a child unwilling to submit to the operation. If ever there was a Devil's agency, it may be seen in the auto-da-fe, the inquisition and the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

Of the same devilish character was the execution of Servetus by Calvin, or the persecution of the Quakers and Witnesses by the Puritans.

Respectfully, your well wisher,

ROBERT HARE.

[Special Correspondence of the Christian Spiritualist.] PASSING GLANCES.—NO. 5.

LONDON, England, May 7, 1855.

DEAR TOOBEE:—I promised to write you from this side the Big Pond, and tell you what I saw of interest to your readers, whose name is "Legion." On Wednesday, the 18th of April, I went on board the good steamship Baltic, bag and baggage, bound for Liverpool. And as I stood upon the deck of the noble vessel, I could not resist the melting mood—and I dropped a tear at the thought that, perhaps, I was leaving the land of my forefathers, perchance, for ever. My life has been a strange series of stranger vicissitudes, like its fabled ardent, I know no rest; but ever on the wing, I live on the excitement of the passing hour. Singular as the statement may seem to you, yet it is a fact that I never yet know what way to steer my course through life, never followed any plan, and never saw my way four weeks ahead since I was born. Consequently, I am not surprised at finding myself in this city, at the very moment that I was expected to be lecturing in Illinois or Ohio. I regret to tell you that the disease of the heart which attacked me in Portland last Spring, increases upon me daily, so that I deem it more than probable that I shall be a rapping Spirit in less than six months, but I do not repine, for life has been to me a very thorny road; but, thank God, I know that I shall live beyond the grave, where the wicked cease to trouble and the weary are at rest. A pang, a groan, a tear, and I shall go to that ever-blessed land—

Where changeless Summer for ever beams,
And a fountain of Love for ever streams;
Where Music dwells in the very air,
For the Spirit of Joy is ever there.
Where the feet of the Pilgrims bleed no more,
For soft are the paths of the Spirit shore;
And the heavy Cross is left behind,
And Amaranth wreaths the temples blind;
For he, who the weariest paths has trod,
Will nearest stand to the Throne of God.

I had hoped ere I came to England that I might recover, but the best physicians tell me here that it is impossible for me to get well, as the stomach, heart and arteries are all involved, and consequently I am told to be "always ready," for the summons will probably come very suddenly.

The first three days we had very rough weather, and we lost one man, a sailor, overboard. The poor fellow was washed from the deck, and doubtless was killed by the ponderous wheels of the steamer. We had a very large list of passengers, who took a collection for his children of about 100 pounds sterling. We reached Liverpool on the 20th, and I trod the soil of Queen Victoria for the second time in my life. Were I to judge England by my experience hitherto, I should most hesitatingly pronounce it the paradise of extortioners and rogues. The word "enough" is totally unknown to them. And for the first three days I was almost afraid to speak to an English worker or coachee, for fear he'd charge me "two bob three-pence-halfpenny, yer honor," for the privilege. The hotel charges are perfectly awful to attenuated purses like my own, which had to be submitted to for a few days, till better arrangements could be made in private lodgings. There is a striking familiarity, and an equally striking dissimilarity between London, Liverpool, and New York or Boston. The streets are generally better and cleaner than ours, but the shops and houses are not to be compared to ours; for we leave them so far behind that you can't see them—to (use a Yankeeism.) In other things we are behind them. Their docks, public buildings, monuments, works of art, beef, steak, mutton-chops, and educated pigs, paupers, beggars, fine carriages, and thieves, squallid poverty, and disinterested grandeur, public cheap people's bathing-houses, bridges, tunnels and ballad singers, bad water, and strong horses, and by report, equally strong beer and porter, to say nothing about their perfectly magnificent gin palaces, where women go and drink blue ruin at a penny a glass;—in all these England is decidedly in advance of us Yankees. This morning I dined at Hume, the Medium, at his rooms, No. 20 Jernyn street, Piccadilly, and on my way, stopped in a hotel, attracted by a pair of boots which I saw. I knew the said boots belonged to a Yankee, because they were on top of a chair back, while their owner sat in another chair at an angle of sixty-six degrees with the horizon. I dropped in and saluted him, and my suspicions as to his nativity were instantly confirmed, by his reply to my question—"If he was from America?" "Well, I rath' guess I am, old hoss." Upon informing him that I too was an American, he exclaimed, "Well now, I reckon you is. I s'pect you're Fred Douglass, that all-fired Babolishism, ain't you?" I told Mr. Henry Collingson, of Ibberville, Kentucky, that I had not that honor, but that I was a distant relation of his, (by Adam,) whereupon he asked me "what I'd take?" "My departure," I replied, and left Mr. C. to pursue his way to the remotest corners of Europe alone in his glory. He is on his way to the "Ruins of Baalbeck and Nineveh, and all along Shore," as he informed my humble self. He reckoned it'd cost a couple o' thousand dollars afore he got round agin. To me it was an excellent illustration of our national characteristics, which are, generally speaking, surface, carelessness, lightness, and progressiveness. So goes the world!

Daniel Hume is destined to create a tremendous sensation in England; that is to say, provided he will stay put—which you know is not exactly the habit of that remarkable species of *genus homo*, vulgarly "jelep" Mediums. He is decidedly in his element here, for he is quite the pet of the Peers and Peeresses of this mighty realm. His rooms are visited by the first men of the country already, and he is engaged twelve nights ahead. His scenes are all private. He will visit France in

July, and then go to the city of Florence to wake the priests, scare the nuns, nettle the monks, wake up the cardinals, rouse the primates, and stir up the Catholics generally, and the Pope in particular. He will, if he acts with caution, do more good than any Spiritualist this side of the water. He ought to have some good, strong-minded men to hold the reins, for I judge him not very well calculated to get along alone. Let us wait and see!

Mr. and Mrs. Hayden are not in town at present, consequently they have not commenced business yet, but will as soon as a proper house can be procured.

Speaking Mediums are at a decided discount in this country. I think I see a smile on your face as you read this, and hear you exclaim, "Alas, poor Yorick!" in reference to P. B. R. Not so fast, good friend. I can assure you that I came to England not to speculate on my gift—if gift it be—so that I care not how the Medium market may be, I shall do well to let others take the trading part of Spiritualism to themselves; for if I am spared, I shall simply speak of its philosophic, scientific, and theologic merits in *propria persona*.

I predict a failure for Miss Emma Jay, professionally, and before the public, but as an adjunct to Hayden's private sittings, her aid will be extremely valuable as an illustration of one phase of Spiritualism. As for myself, I shall not appear as a Medium any more in any land, under any circumstance, for the simple reason that I *think* my work is done. I know my health is gone, and feel that life is ebbing fast. I am only able to walk about a little, say two or three hours a day, and even that with great pain. However, I can say with Walter Savage Landor, that "I strive with none, for none are worth my strife. Nature I loved, and next to Nature, Art. I warmed my hands at best I could before the fire of life."

That fire sinks, and I am ready to depart; or, like Logan, I feel brave as the day of sorrow comes.

So far it seems to me a bad experiment to attempt to evangelize Great Britain at five dollars a head. I don't approve of Spiritualistic speculation, and shall strenuously oppose it, dead or alive. If halls are paid for to speak in, it is right and proper that the people pay the expenses, but to make a human soul pay five dollars for the proof of its immortality, is a gross outrage on humanity. I write thus with reference to Mediums, on both sides of the water.

Fair play is right all over the Universe, but to sell raps at so much each is most damnable. There are two female Mediums in Liverpool, with a man who lectures, and they see and speak, but they charge twenty-five cents instead of five dollars. I can assure you that I refer to no person in particular, but to all in general. One of the English Mediums, to whom I refer, entirely eclipses any thing I ever saw in the shape of a Seer or Clairvoyant Medium. Mrs. Metter, your correspondent, and every one else, Davis included, not excepted. The English people want take any but the best evidences. Therefore, I advise ambitious Mediums on your side of the water, who anticipate fame and wealth from a visit to this country—to stay at home. The Mediums to whom I

From the Portland Advertiser.

FLOWERS.

Oh flowers! smiles of the angels are ye call'd,
Whose very breath seems prayer,
Borne up like incense, on the dewy wings
Of the blue air.

Rare ministers are ye unto us, sweet flowers,
Refreshment the fevered heart,
As wild woods and cool water brooks
Revive the fainting heart.

Lifting your fragrant chalices, ye tempt the sun
To kiss your verdant lips,
While wooingly, the enamored bee, intoxicated,
Their homed nectar sips.

The fair young bride seeks thy pure loveliness
Her heartless bow to clasp,
The little child stops on his toiling way
To nodding charms to grasp.

And still, ye gentle ones, ye are content
Your sweetest breath to shed,
Round faces pale and sad that give no sign—
Even the coffin'd dead.

We love ye, gentle flowers—and also him
Who with such lavish hand,
Scatters your gold and purple garniture
Over the smiling land.

Ye are his smiles. The good All Father
Sends to us from above
Your delicate fragrance and your tender grace,
Sweet signs of his love.

PRIDE.

BY JOHN G. SAGE.

'Tis a curious fact as ever was known
In human nature, but often shown
Alike in eagle and cottager,
That pride like pigs of a certain breed,
Will manage to live and thrive on "feet"

As poor as a pauper's pottage!

Of all the notable things on earth,
The queerest one is pride of birth,
Among our tribe, Democracy!
A bridge across a broad, wide river,
Without a prop to save it from sunder—
Not even a couple of rotten posts—
A thing for laughter, tears, and jeers,
Is American anti-heresy.

Depend upon it my snobbish friend,
Your family thread you can't ascend,
Without cool reason to comprehend
You may find it waxed at the farther end,
By some plebeian vocation!

Or, worse than that, your boasted line
May end in a loop of stronger twine
That placened some worthy relation!

Because you flourish in worldly affairs,
Don't be laughing and put on airs,
With insolent pride of station!

Don't be proud, and turn up your nose
At poorer people in plainer clothes,
But learn for the sake of your mind's repose,
That wealth's a bubble that comes—and goes!
And that all Proud Flesh, wherever it grows,
Is subject to irritation.

[From Dream Land and Ghost Land.]

THE WINDOW OF THE TEMPLE.

THE EYE.—The window of the temple we call it. Who can explain it? How far do we get towards a knowledge of its powers, and properties, by talking about the various humors and lenses? It is a wonderfully constructed camera obscura—it is a darkened chamber magnificently fitted up with reflectors, and glasses for the purpose of painting truthful representatives of the outside world; but when we have said this, we have exhausted our knowledge, we can say no more, and how much have we discovered? we have made no progress at all towards the wonderful connection between the eye which is a mere machine like any other optical instrument in relation to it,—and the mind which is really the eye.

May we not say that the eye is framed as much to conceal objects, as to reveal them? Is it not most obvious how easily it might have been constructed, so as to reveal more to us, than it does? It might have been telescopic,—it might have been more microscopic—in either instance, the source of how much happiness to us? Can we not conceive how it might have been framed so as to discover,—not the essences of things, but the more hidden and subtle vestures in which essences hide themselves, instead of being an unending means of delight and amusement to us, might it not, by being fitted to see the hidden movements of life, have been a source of never ending pain and annoyance?

When Mrs. Hauff, the Seeress of Prevoast, looked into the right eye of a person, she saw behind the reflected image of herself, another, which appeared neither to be her own, nor that of the person in whose eye she was looking. She believed it to be the picture of that person's inner self. If she looked into the left eye, she saw immediately whatever internal disease existed, whether in the stomach, lungs, or elsewhere, and prescribed for it.—"In my left eye," says Dr. Kermer, "she saw prescriptions for herself, and in that of a man who had only a left eye, she saw both his inward lady and the image of his inner man." The eye appears to be the great source of all the wonderful differences between men and men; in the enterprises into the world of Spirits, objects are not seen in glasses, crystals and bubbles; they are but the media, the fitting atmosphere on which the form within the eye projects itself. The eye again represents the differences between mind and mind. Darkened windows represent gloomy inhabitants. Windows stained, and soiled, begrimed with the accumulated deposits of the road, and the weather represent unclean inhabitants; and thus in a figure it may be said that the eye sees as the mind wills it to do. Look at the clean, vivid, bright eye; does it not reveal to you a soul; and that heavy and ungleaming one, does not it also. The soul determined or fitted to look abroad cleans its windows—thus, without question, then, come to it more visions than ever can reach ordinary eyes.

Does it not appear certain, now, that we must speak of an internal, as well as an external sight? and it is to this power of internal vision, which cannot be explained at all, on the usual principles of optics, we give the name of Clairvoyance. Dr. Haddock remarks on this:

"The moment we attempt to pass beyond the retina, science is at fault; no natural philosopher has been able to explain how the optic nerve conveys the image to the brain; we know that the mind is conscious of the images formed on the retina; or, in more familiar language, of the things seen by the eyes; but in what manner an opaque nervous cord, differing in no essential particulars from other nervous cords, conveys that impression to the mind, we are entirely ignorant. Ordinary sight, has, therefore, a psychological basis; and this is admitted by the best psychologists.

"Clairvoyance, or internal sight, assumes the same basis, necessary to perfect ordinary vision; but as it acts independently of the external visual organs; so it is not trammelled by those natural laws to which they are necessarily subject. Thus by this internal sight, and by light issuing from within, and not from without, as in common sight, things may be seen which are out of the range of natural sight, and altogether above its nature. For instance, our physical sight can see remote starry orbs, placed at the distance of, perhaps, thousands of millions of miles, because the undulations of light, proceeding from them in a straight line, can impinge, or strike upon the retina of our eyes.—Yet the intervention of any opaque body, immediately shuts out the vision of the object, even if placed in close connection with us; so that if our penetrating powers of sight were immensely increased, whether naturally or artificially, still the rotundity and opacity of the earth would prevent

us seeing beyond a certain distance. But opacity is no barrier to internal sight; objects to which the mind is directed, either designedly or spontaneously, will be equally visible through doors and walls, as if placed directly before the face. Nay, to the higher stages of clairvoyance there seems, comparatively speaking, no bounds; for whether the object sought be in the same house or town, or country, or across the broad Atlantic, or still remoter Pacific oceans, it appears to be found and seen with equal facility: and to be equally near to the internal perceptions of the truly clairvoyant individual. The human body is seen as clearly, and its living actions described as plainly, as if the external and internal parts were alike as transparent as glass; and this also, without any bodily connection, such as by bringing the clairvoyant and the person to be described together; but, as I have proved, when more than one hundred miles have intervened between them."

This guides us to Pre-vision—to the powers which many have had of predicting things to come and though not as many may do by the possession of unwonted powers of judgment, and keenness of discrimination; but on the contrary, by an entrance in virtue of their visionary insight into the reality of events and occurrences. We have heard of Seers and Prophets, not merely those especially, endowed by a miraculous function, but men, who in consequence of their highly magnetic susceptibility, have beheld the whole current of future events. Dr. Gregory quotes the prophecies of several in Westphalia, and says—"The predictions above alluded to, refer to in general, the events to happen in Germany about this time—that is soon after the introduction of rail-roads, and especially to a dreadful general war, in which the final Conqueror, or great Monarch is to be a young prince, who rises up unexpectedly. The war is also to break out unexpectedly; and suddenly, after a period of disturbance and revolution, while all the world is crying Peace Peace! I need not here enter into more minute details, for which I refer to the article above mentioned. I shall only add that the state of Europe and the events which have occurred since that paper appeared are much in favor of the general accuracy of the opinions and predictions, whatever their organ. Time alone can show how far they are to be fulfilled. But their existence, as authentic and generally received traditions, is, at all events, a remarkable circumstance. But one of the most remarkable instances of prevision on record, is the celebrated prediction of Cazotte, concerning the events of the reign of Terror. It has been very often reprinted: we remember when we were a boy, how frequently it was published, and Dr. Gregory has reprinted it again, from the posthumous memoirs of La-Harpe, in his letter on Animal Magnetism."

"It appears as yesterday; yet, nevertheless, it was at the beginning of the year 1788, we were dining with one of our brethren at the Academy, a man of considerable wealth and genius. The company were numerous, and diversified,—Courtiers, Lawyers, Academicians, &c., and according to custom, there had been a magnificent dinner. At dessert, the wines of Malvoisin and Constantia, added to the gaiety of the guests that sort of license which is sometimes forgetful of *bon ton*. We had arrived in the world, just at that time when anything was permitted that would raise a laugh.—Chamfort had read to us some of his impious and libertine tales, and even the Ladies had listened without having recourse to their fans. From this arose a deluge of jests against religion. One quoted a tirade from the "*Pucelle*," another recalled the philosophic lines of Diderot,—

"Et des bouxoux du dernier pretre.

Serra le con des dernier roi."

for the sake of applauding them. A third rose, and holding his glass in his hand, exclaimed, "*yes gentlemen, I am sure that there is no God, as I am sure that Homer was a fool; and in truth he was as sure of the one as the other. The conversation became more serious; much admiration was expressed on the revolution Voltaire had effected, and it was agreed that it was his first claim to the reputation he enjoyed—he had given the prevailing tone to his age, and had been read as well in the ante-chamber as in the drawing room. One of the guests told us while bursting with laughter, that his hair dresser, had said to him, "Do you observe, sir, that although, I am but a poor miserable barber, I have no more religion than any other." We concluded that the revolution must soon be consummated,—that it was indispensable that superstition and fanaticism should give place to philosophy, and we began to calculate the probable period when this should be, and which of the present company should live to see the *reign of reason*. The oldest complained that they could scarcely flatter themselves with the Hope; the young rejoiced that they might entertain this very probable expectation; and they congratulated the Academy especially for having prepared the *great work*, and for having been the rallying point, the centre, and the prime mover of the liberty of thought.*

One only of the guests had not taken part in all the joyousness of this conversation, and had even gently and cheerfully checked our splendid enthusiasm. This was Cazotte, an amiable and original man, but unhappily infatuated with the reveries of the illuminati. He spoke and with the most serious tone. "Gentlemen," said he, "satisfied; you will all see this great and sublime revolution, which you so much admire. You know that I am a little inclined to prophecy: I repeat you will see it!" He was answered by the common rejoinder, *one need not be a conjurer to see that*. "Be it so; but perhaps we must be a little more than a conjurer, for what remains for me to tell. Do you know what will be the consequence to all of you, and what will be the immediate result; the well established effect; the thoroughly recognized consequence to all of you, who are here present?"

"Ah!" said Condorcet, with his insolent and half suppressed smile, "let us hear, a philosopher is not afraid to encounter a prophet."

"You Monsieur de Condorcet, you will yield up your last breath on the floor of a dungeon; you will die from poison, which you will have taken to escape from execution; from poison which the uncertainty of that time will oblige you to carry about your person."

"At first astonishment was most marked, but it was soon recollected that the good Cazotte was liable to dreaming, though wide awake. But what diabolical has put into your head this prison and this poison and these executions? What can all of them have in common with philosophy and the reign of reason?" A hearty laugh is the consequence. Monsieur Cazotte, the relation you give is not so agreeable as your "*Diable Amoureux*," (a novel of Cazotte.)

"This is exactly what I say to you; it is in the name of philosophy—of humanity—of liberty; it is under the reign of reason, that it will happen to you thus to end your career; and it will indeed be the reign of terror, for then she will have her temples, and indeed at that time there will be no

—Socinianism and Psychism.

other temples in France than the temples of reason."

"By my troth, though," said Chamfort, with a sarcastic smile, you will not be one of the priests of those temples."

"I do not hope it; but you, Monsieur de Chamfort, you will be one, and most worthy to be so, you will open your veins with twenty-two cuts of a razor, and yet you will not die till some months afterwards."

They looked at each other and laughed again.

"You, Monsieur Vicq d'Azair, you will not open your own veins, but you will cause yourself to be bled six times in one day; during a paroxysm of the gout, in order to make sure of your own end, and you will die in the night. You, Monsieur de Nicolai, you will die upon the scaffold; you, M. Bailey, on the scaffold; you, Monsieur de Malesherbes, on the scaffold!"

"Ah! God be thanked," exclaimed Roucher—"It seems that Monsieur has no eye, but for the Academy; of it, he has just made a terrible execution; and I thank Heaven—"

"You! you also will die upon the scaffold."

"Oh! what an admirable guesser," was uttered upon all sides; "he has sworn to exterminate us all."

"No, it is not I who have sworn it."

"But shall we then be conquered by the Turk, or the Tartars? Yet again—"

"Not at all; I have already told you, you will then be governed only by philosophy—only by reason. They who will thus treat you will be all philosophers, will always have upon their lips the self same phrases which you have been putting forth for the last hour, will repeat all your maxims, and will quote, as you have done, the verses of Diderot and from La Pucelle."

They then whispered among themselves, "You see that he is gone mad;" (for they preserved all this time the most serious and solemn manner).—"Do you not see that he is joking; and you know that in the character of his jokes there is always much of the marvellous?"

"Yes," replied Chamfort, "but his marvellousness is not cheerful, it savours too much of the gibbet; and when will all this happen?"

"Six years will not have passed before all that I have said to you shall be accomplished."

"Here are some astonishing miracles," (and this time it was myself who spoke) "but you have not included me in your list."

"But you will be there, as an equally extraordinary miracle; you will then be a Christian."

Vehement exclamations on all sides.

"Ah!" replied Chamfort, "I am comforted; if we shall perish only when La-Harpe shall be a Christian, we are immortal."

"As for that, then," observed Madame la Duchesse de Grammont, "we women are happy to be counted for nothing in these revelations.—When I say for nothing, it is not that we do not always mix ourselves up with them a little, but it is a received maxim that they take no notice of us and of our sex."

"Your sex, ladies, will not protect you this time; and you had better far meddle with nothing; for you will be treated entirely as men without any difference whatever."

"But what, then, are you telling us of, Monsieur Cazotte? You are preaching to us the end of the world."

"I know nothing on that subject; but what I do know is, that you, Madame la Duchesse, will be conducted to the scaffold; you and many other ladies with you, in the cart of the executioner, and with your hands tied behind your backs."

"Ah, I hope that, in that case, I shall have a carriage, hung with black."

"No, Madame; higher ladies than yourself will go, like you, in the common car, with their hands tied behind them."

"Higher ladies! What? The Princesses of the blood?"

"Still more exalted personages."

Here a sensible emotion pervaded the whole company, and the countenance of the host was dark and lowering. They began to feel that the joke was becoming too serious. Madame de Grammont, in order to dissipate the cloud, took no notice of the reply, and contented herself with saying, in a careless tone—

"You see that he will not leave me even a confession."

"No, Madame, you will not have one, neither you nor any one besides. The last victim to whom this favor will be afforded, will be —"

He stopped for a moment.

"Well. Who, then, will be the happy mortal to whom this prerogative will be given?"

"Tis the only one which he will then have retained—and that will be the King of France."

"The master of the house rose hastily, and every one with him. He walked up to Mr. Cazotte, and addressed him with much emotion.

"My dear Monsieur Cazotte, this mournful joke has lasted long enough. You carry it too far; even so far as to derogate from the society in which you are, and from your own character."

Cazotte answered not a word, and was preparing to leave, when Madame de Grammont, who always sought to dissipate serious thought, and to restore the lost gaiety of the party, approached him, saying—

"Monsieur, the prophet who has foretold us of our good fortune, you have told us nothing of your own."

He remained silent for some time, with downcast eyes.

"Madame, have you ever read the siege of Jerusalem in Josephus?"

"Yes. Who has not read that? But answer as if I had not read it."

"Well then, Madame, during the siege, a man, for seven days in succession, went round the ramparts of the city, in sight of the besiegers and the besieged, crying incessantly, with an ominous and thundering voice, "Woe to Jerusalem!" and the seventh time, he cried, "Woe to Jerusalem—woe to myself;" and at that moment an enormous stone, projected from one of the machines of the besieging army, struck him, and destroyed him." And, after this reply, Mr. Cazotte made his bow, and retired.

A few years since, probably a story like this would only have been received, as the prophecies were probably received, as vulgar hallucinations. But it was believed by many, and was frequently related, both before the horrors of the French Revolution and after it. It will be seen by those acquainted with the history of this revolution, that it is a correct narrative of events. It may be necessary to append to it, that Cazotte died on the scaffold, at the age of seventy two. This most remarkable prevision is endorsed by Madame de Genlis and Madame Beauharnais; the latter lady was one of the company who listened to this remarkable prevision.

But difficult as it would have been once to tax the faith sufficiently to receive this, upon the revelations of clairvoyance there is no difficulty in ac-

counting for it. We may look out through the window of the soul upon spectacles of the future. A few pages farther on, we may have occasion to enter more at large upon the probability that every action of life prints its shadow somewhere, and this shadow is beheld in all its colors and details, and the inner eye has a perfect consciousness of the thing, the event, and the long chain of circumstances beyond it.

Dr. Haddock, speaking of Emma, his wonderful patient, of whom we shall give a more lengthy account shortly says—

"By the commencement of 1846, her power of internal sight had become so developed, or she had become so familiarized with her new faculty, that it was evident, from many things observed, that she could see such things as *her mind directed to*, without any contact. As an experiment, small pictures, and various small objects, were placed singly, first in a card box, and afterwards in a wooden box; and these she told, at times, as readily as when out of the box and in her hands. At other times, more difficulty was experienced in satisfactorily determining that she could see them.

This difficulty arose from two causes: first, from the manner in which she would describe what she saw; and secondly, from an obstinacy of temper frequently displayed, when removed by mesmeric influence from external habit and control. Her usual manner was to describe things as they appeared to her in the internal state, regardless of the names imposed upon them by custom; sometimes she refused to call things by their accustomed name, and would always describe them in her own way, before she called them by the common name. As an instance, the following may be given. At the second public lecture, in the Temperance Hall, Bolton, on the 9th of March, 1845, a gentleman in front of the platform suggested that a picture, from among others lying on the floor, should be put into a box, and given to her; she had then been bandaged for some time. A print of a cat was selected, and put into a card box; she put the box over her head, felt it carefully with her right fingers, and then, having by a smile and ejaculation, evinced that she saw the contents, she began: "It is a thing; it is a dark thing; it has four legs, a tail, a head and two eyes; things round its mouth, and it sits by the fire and says *meow*, and it is a *Cat*."

Little indeed do we know, and scarcely can we ever surmise the method, by which the consciousness seizes the circumstance, the shape, the color; but we can put our modern beside our earlier information, and we find a correspondence. There is an eye it seems which all have not,—there is a method by which the mind becomes fully and clearly cognizant of things hidden from the sense. The eye with which we behold the other world is but the entrance to the outer court; as we said, it conceals as much as it reveals—it only shows us the husks of things—it only admits us to the vestibule of the temple, and all that it can do for us, it appears, is but just what the book can do for the soul; it can suggest a world lying beneath the letter; but are we eligible to the condemnation of dreamers, when we say that there is another eye, and another world, and another light—the medium for bringing both together. By that eye it appears man sees something more of the laws and principles of things—the outer eye only acquaint him with the vesture, and the fact; it is Spirit and it may grasp Spirit. It beholds all things in new relations, it beholds a new heaven and new earth, new glories, and new beauties. There is no death where that eye rests—no materialism, it passes beyond skin, bone, pillar to the rich inhabitant—and of the temple and building.

THE PROGRESS OF MESMERISM.

We clip the following review of "Mesmerism proved true" by the Rev. Chauncy Hare, of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, from the London Weekly Examiner of April 14th.

"Mr. Townshend, separating his idea of Mesmerism altogether from the superstitions and absurdities which have been too much associated with it, and holding aloof from electrobiology, which, in his view, is to Mesmerism as quackery is to medicine, produces facts and arguments to prove the existence of that human influence visibly exerted by some people upon others, which is called Mesmerism after the first person who observed it.—The attention of Mesmer himself was first directed to this subject upon noticing that the flow of blood from a vein opened by him was greater or less in proportion as he approached or retired from the patient's body. The extent and nature of such influence have yet to be defined. This only is certain, that an accumulated mass of observations made during the forty years which have elapsed since Mesmer's death, brings to us an assurance not merely that the influence exists and can be exercised by certain persons upon certain others, but that the discovery of it sets men on the trace of some new principles in the economy of nature.—Till we have actually reached the principles themselves, however, many of the phenomena dependent on them are, as a matter of course, unaccountable; and some of them appear irreconcilable with the main body of our present knowledge.—But although all truths are indeed reconcilable to one another, that is the fact only of whole truths. There may be ragged edges to a fragment of truth that will hinder it from coming fairly into contact with surrounding knowledge. It is little enough that we know. Doubtless there is a new world of science yet awaiting its Columbus, and the chart of our existing information will seem, a thousand years hence, in the eyes of philosophers, quite as inconsiderable and as full of blunders as the *Orbis Veteribus notus* appears to the Arrowsmiths and Johnstones of to-day. The man of science who now floats out into Mesmerism appears to leave all his own world behind, and has before him a wide sea, on which he may be wrecked while pushing forward. But so it was with the first mariners who left all the known world behind, and turned their prow towards the fabled mysteries and wonders of the West. They also needed to be hardy as men need to be, who, bent upon a voyage of discovery, sail in the same boat with Mr. Chauncy Townshend. As for the men who will not venture on a sea that seems to lead to nothing but the land of fable, Mr. Townshend very properly reminds them of the couplet,

"Croyez tout decouvert est une erreur profonde:
C'est prendre l'horizon pour les bornes du monde."

The book before us is the second edition of Mr. Townshend's answer to an inadequate argument against Mesmerism in the *Quarterly Review*. It is not merely an answer to the reviewer, but serves exceedingly well as an independent assertion of the right to public respect which should be conceded not only to the study of Mesmerism, but to every man who pursues it philosophically. Men like Archbishop Whately, Dr. Eliotson, and Dr. Gregory, who boldly accept proofs which they are unable to resist, of facts that have not yet found general acceptance, are not without gross injustice to be decry for credulity by a public that has

spent little enough of its own time in sifting evidence. Dr. Whately at least ought to be no mean authority as to what is a fair logical deduction from such evidence as may be set before him, and it is not creditable to the temper of the medical profession that a physician whom it once set proudly enough in its foremost ranks should be treated almost as a deserter from the body, of which he is only the more surely an ornament now that he has sacrificed his worldly interests to the upholding of unpopular convictions, rather than selfishly make his sacrifice the other way.

Mr. Townshend writes on this subject as follows:—"My valued friend, Dr. Eliotson, astonished me in the beginning, when I was but a tyro in Mesmerism, and, perhaps, too ready to be delighted with all I saw, by the checks that he put upon my inexperience. I remember he once took me a round of visits to those persons whom he attended mesmerically,—(and to his honor be it spoken, *gratuitously*; for he always has gone on the high principle of never deriving any pecuniary advantage whatever from that science by which he has lost so much); and that amongst the patients was a beautiful sleep-walking girl, who sang and played apparently by clairvoyance with the notes covered. I was delighted with the phenomena which she exhibited; but what was my surprise, when, on leaving her, Dr. Eliotson whispered to me, "It is sham!" Again, with respect to less pretending cases, with which, perhaps, I was not so much interested, Dr. Eliotson would say—"This is genuine—this may be relied on."

And *this* the man (thought I) who is branded as credulously believing everything. But Wisdom is justified of all her children. Every genuine philosopher knows that there is a true and a false—nay, that the counterfeit implies an original, just as a pseudo-Raphael looks as if the same manner as the genuine picture of the kind; or in the same manner as the many false religions of the world are arguments for the existence of a true one. Long have the Mesmerists been aware of the "illusions" and "collusions" on which the cuckoo changes have been rung. But it is the puzzling residuum that, after all deductions, Coleridge acknowledged, with which the true Mesmerist is occupied.

With this residuum, the small volume now before us is concerned, and what sort of obstacles in the way of fair inquiry, Mr. Townshend considers that he has to clear away, may be gathered partly from the succeeding sketch of the existing position of the Mesmerist in the opinion of the public.

"Not many years ago, the induction of sleep by peculiar methods was scoffed at. Nor, indeed, was it wonderful that *this* first step should be the great stumbling-block: for that sleep, the proverbially capricious deity, should descend at mortal bidding, upon weary or unwary lids, seemed a marvel in the van of other marvels. However, by dint of evidence the sleep was admitted. Then came a long interval, in which the *recusants* said, 'We will believe the sleep, (the world is pretty well agreed about that), but as to the phenomena said to be developed in that sleep, all stuff and nonsense!'

Now, however, most of the ridiculed phenomena are themselves allowed to be true. And of that we are ourselves further good. Once we Mesmerists were treated as impostors. Now, we are more politely informed, that we are generally right in our premises, and only wrong in our conclusions. Once our Facts were denied. Now only our Theory.

But the most important admission of all is respecting the curative powers of Mesmerism, which the world, on Review-authority, is now not only permitted, but encouraged to use; though, indeed, (but that does not signify,) under another name. If we call it Hypnotism, we may do as we please about it, and by it cure as many sick folks as we can. I extract the important information. "The peculiar (?) concentration of the mind in the Hypnotic state may produce still more striking results, (i. e.) than the phenomena of 'expectant attention.' It is found, accordingly, that the pulsation of the heart, and the respiratory movements, may be accelerated or retarded; and various secretions altered both in quantity and quality."

A lady, who was leaving off nursing from defect of milk, was hypnotized by Mr. Braid, and, *while she was in this state*, he made passes over the right breast to call her attention to it. In a few minutes, her gestures showed that she *dreamt* that the baby was sucking, and, in two minutes, the breast was distended with milk, at which she expressed, *when awakened*, the greatest surprise. The flow of milk from that side continued abundant, and, *to restore symmetry to her figure*, (*rien que ça va*) Mr. Braid subsequently produced the same change on the other side; after which, she had a copious supply for nine months. (i)

As a pendant to the Reviewer's case of the lady and her flow of milk, I give the following, which *did* occur under Mesmerism:—"The circumstance was told me by a medical man, who has the boldness to believe in our art, though I believe he never practised it but on the following occasion.

A poor woman had an abscess of the breast, to attend which Dr. M— was called in. The complaint was of the worst kind. The patient could not bear the diseased part to be touched ever so lightly; yet a speedy operation was essential. Dr. M— from the circumstances in the patient's constitution, had fears of chloroform, and opiates were out of the question. In this dilemma, suddenly, he struck the Doctor that he might try to Mesmerise the patient. Having merely gained her consent to make passes over her, which he said would do her good, he proceeded, without further 'suggestion' to the work.

Where Nature requires the Mesmeric sleep, it is not slow to come. In ten minutes the poor woman was in the deepest trance: and then and there, Dr. M— lanced the breast, handled it without exciting the least sensation, and to use his own expression, "squeezed it like an orange." When the patient was awake, she would not, till she had occurred to been performed, believe that an operation had been performed.

The next day, in furtherance of the cure, Dr. M— wished to Mesmerise the patient again; but, mark the sequel. The woman had, in the meantime, learned from a neighbor that she had been 'Mesmerized'—that the soothing and simple operation of hand-waving, whereby she had been made to sleep, was that horrid, wicked thing called 'Mesmerism'—that witherstaff, of which the patient had heard always with trembling. In fine, her husband forbade any further application of the beneficial "gift of God."

Mr. Townshend's argument is enforced by a large number of cases drawn from personal experience; and although there are many points connected with his subject upon which he has convinced himself, but upon which we have not yet, for our own parts, attained conviction, we nevertheless hold the entire argument to be entitled to respectful hearing, and believe that every fair inquirer will be benefited who shall study both the arguments and the experiences set down in Mr. Townshend's book, and give to each item in the account such value as shall seem most proper.

DIMENSIONS OF HEAVEN.—We find in an exchange this old but interesting subject treated on. Although the writer has gathered a foundation for his remarks from the Bible, and brought into use incomprehensible numbers, yet he has certainly failed to approximate at anything like certainty. We give his calculations below:—"And he measured the city with the reed, to twelve thousand furlongs. The length and the breadth, and the height of it are equal." Rev. 21, c. 16.

Twelve thousand furlongs, 7,200,000 feet, which being cubed, is 496,793,080,000,000,000 cubic feet. Half of this we will reserve for the Throne of God and the Court of Heaven, and half of the balance for streets, leaving a remainder of 124,198,270,000,000,000 cubic feet. Divide this by 4,096, the cubical feet in a room 16 feet square, and 16 feet high, and there will be 80,821,848,750,000,000 rooms.

We will now suppose the world always did and

always will contain 900,000,000 inhabitants, and that a generation lasts 38 and three quarter years, making 2,700,000,000 every century, and that the world will stand 100,000 years, making in all 270,000,000,000 inhabitants. Then suppose there were 100 such worlds, equal to this, in number of inhabitants and duration of years, making a total of 27,000,000,000,000 persons. Then there would be a room 16 feet long, 16 feet wide, and 16 feet high, for each person, and yet there would be room.

This calculation, with regard to the number of inhabitants that may exist on our earth, from the beginning to the end, may be considered as something near the amount, considering the time he allows. But he has failed in giving anything like an adequate description of the extent of heaven, and of the number of worlds and their inhabitants. When we consider that our system is twelve million years in moving round its centre, and that it is comparatively near the centre of our sidereal group, what conclusion must we come to with regard to the number of worlds? Still the space penetrating power passes beyond. No human fancy in its ideal flight can roam over the vast expanse; yet it is all peopled with worlds, and these worlds teeming with animated intelligence. The writer has considered that there are only 100 worlds, that are peopled, and that the total number of inhabitants created by the Great Ruler is 27,000,000,000,000,000. Dr. Dick, on this same subject, assumes as a basis the existence of 2,019,100,000,000, or two billions of worlds within the bounds of the visible universe. Then he calculates that the number of inhabitants in this world would be 60,678,000,000,000,000,000,000,000, that is, sixty quadrillions, five hundred and seventy-three thousand trillions. Then, if we circumscribe ourselves to the liberal building the Revelator had in view, it would fall to furnish room for all. Hence, heaven is everywhere, and the number of inhabitants beyond an angel's computation.—Bradstreet Journal.

From the New York Sunday Dispatch.

THE NECESSITY FOR A NEW BIBLE.

Shocking or strange as it may sound to the ears of the faithful, there is a vast amount of infidelity in the so-called Christian Church. The "Holy Bible," which is impiously termed the "English Bible," is discovered by a large body of the religious world to be sadly in need of revision, for the purpose of expunging its manifold errors, which the reason and not the religion of man has brought to light. Skepticism, indeed, proposes a revision of the Bible, in order to make its wording conform more nearly to the teachings of science and the light of reason! So, if there are really *twenty or thirty thousand errors* in the Bible, skeptics are entitled to the credit of having made the discovery. Ought free-thinking and criticism to be tolerated in religious matters? Ought anybody to be allowed to discover errors in the "Holy Bible"? These are important questions. If answered in the affirmative, there arises the no less important question, "Who has the right to indulge in free-thinking on religious matters?" If the right is claimed for a few only, then it will be necessary for them to establish by what authority the right is claimed. If free thinking is the right of all men, then religion, as it has been heretofore understood, is at an end. Reason and not faith, common sense and not religion, becomes the guide of mankind. But we merely raise the question, leaving it open for popular decision.

The St.